

Because the token will be seen  
By Him in whom her faith has been ?

Not one who rests on her own works,  
Or in whom fancied goodness lurks,  
That boasts of fasting twice a week,  
Of tithes being paid—and she so meek,  
Comparing self to others round,  
To them is far superior found.

It is a stray, a lost one found,  
Whose ear had heard the far-spread sound,  
The true, yet terrible report  
Of what by Israel's God was wrought ;  
Which true report her heart believed,  
When she with peace the spies received.

Rahab, a sinner much despised,  
By Him whom she believes, is prized  
Who owns her faith, and lets her call  
In freest love her kindred all,  
The shelter of her house to share,  
And find escape from judgment there.

Oh, happy souls ! how blest your lot  
Who prove that death can touch you not ;  
While those who've not your token known,  
Find all their hopes of life o'erthrown ;  
Their works, though much esteemed by men,  
As " filthy rags " will all seem then.

And say, dear reader, where art thou ?  
Oh ! know you what's the token now,  
And what for you in grace divine  
Now answers to the scarlet line,  
To make your fears and terrors cease,  
And cause your soul to rest in peace ?

The Blood is now the God-giv'n sign,  
The ever precious scarlet line.